

The Light at The End

[Part One]

(Sixties pop music on a transistor radio, a child's laughter.)

BOB: Come on, Kevin. You can't keep scoring goals if you're the one in goal.

KEVIN: (a little boy) I can.

BOB: Ow! I said on my head, not in my face. That really hurt, you little monster. Give the ball to Linda, Kevin. Come on, she's hardly had a go.

(Strange noise.)

KEVIN: Daddy, what's that?

BOB: Oh. I don't know. What that a plane or something?

KEVIN: It was a police box.

BOB: Oh, Kevin, don't be silly now.

(Distorted Tardis sound. Children scream.)

BOB: Kevin, Linda, come here now!

(Final crashing sounds.)

KEVIN: It's broken the garden shed, Daddy.

BOB: I, I know, Kevin. I know. I saw it but. It's gone. Jenny? Jenny, love?

KEVIN: Where's Mummy?

BOB: She must have popped over the road to see Pat.

(Stuttering Tardis engines. Crash!)

KEVIN: It's on the roof, Daddy.

BOB: Yes, it's on the roof.

(Falling tiles.)

BOB: Looks like it *is* a police box, and it's smashed our chimney!

KEVIN: Is it Father Christmas, Daddy?

BOB: What? Er, no, Kevin, darling. No, it's er, it's a bit too early for that.

(Footsteps. A deep, echoing voice, like the late wonderful Valentine Dyall.)

VESS: Stay where you are.

(Footsteps stop.)

VESS: You are with the Time Lords?

MASTER: I am.

VESS: And you have chosen?

MASTER: I have.

VESS: Step forward, and select.

(Tapping of keys. Beeps and burbles. Power builds up.)

VESS: The selection has been made. You have made an interesting choice.

MASTER: Interesting, yes.

VESS: Does it please you?

MASTER: Please me? Just one thought. Just one careless, innocent, trivial thought, and it'll all be over. There. Yes, it does please me. (laughs) Oh dear. Poor Doctor.

(Tardis engines.)

DOCTOR: There, old girl. That's better.

CHARLEY: I don't think I'll ever get over how big this place is, you know.

DOCTOR: You know, old girl, sometimes I think you're probably the finest ship ever to have sailed the Vortex.

CHARLEY: Er, am I perhaps interrupting something deeply personal?

(Adjusting controls.)

DOCTOR: There, that should do it. Oh, hello. Where have you been?

CHARLEY: Well, it was like a jungle, but not too hot and sticky, just right. Beautifully relaxing, in fact. Oh, and there were some incredible parrots. Well, they were quite like parrots, except with sort of little trunks instead of beaks.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, the arboretum. It's lovely, isn't it?

CHARLEY: So you've finished all your adjustments and recalibrations and caressing, have you? The Tardis will be working perfectly from now on?

DOCTOR: Er, well, I think perfection is a difficult concept, Charley. I do my best, but

CHARLEY: (laughs) Your face. Look, I don't mind if we don't always end up in the right place.

Makes life, well, exciting. I didn't stow away on the R101 in search of the humdrum.

DOCTOR: No. No, I suppose

(Big noise of Tardis engines. They cry out.)

CHARLEY: Ow, my knee!

DOCTOR: What is it, old girl?

CHARLEY: You're sure you didn't connect something up the wrong way round?

DOCTOR: It's as if every system in the Tardis has been set to self-destruct!

CHARLEY: Self-destruct? So we're going to blow up?

(Tardis engines stutter, then recede suddenly into the distance.)

DOCTOR: Apparently not.

CHARLEY: Is, is everything all right? All back to normal?

DOCTOR: Er, yes. As if it had never happened. Wait a minute.

CHARLEY: Well, if it never happened, how come my knee is. Oh, that's really going to bruise badly. Doctor? Doctor, what's the matter?

DOCTOR: That.

CHARLEY: What, the Tardis controls?

DOCTOR: No, no, that, specifically, there.

CHARLEY: A red flashing light. Oh, no, we're in trouble?

DOCTOR: I don't know what it means, Charley.

CHARLEY: Not very reassuring.

DOCTOR: Especially since I've never seen it before.

CHARLEY: What, never?

DOCTOR: No, never.

CHARLEY: You must have done. You know every bit of this precious ship of yours inside out, don't you?

DOCTOR: Yes, I do, and that's why I know that this flashing light was never here before.

CHARLEY: So, well, how did it get here?

DOCTOR: That is a very good question, Miss Pollard. Oh, that's interesting. Look at that.

CHARLEY: Local time, seventeen oh three hours, twenty third of November 1963. Location, 59A Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Hampshire, England, Earth. What's the significance of that?

DOCTOR: Well, as the Tardis travels through the time Vortex it's constantly traversing an almost infinite number of specific space-time locations.

CHARLEY: And this is one of them? The twenty third of November in, where was it, Hampshire?

DOCTOR: Charley, this is the precise spot the Tardis was traversing when the flashing light appeared.

CHARLEY: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: Neither do I, which is why we'd better go there and find out. Here we go. Three minutes past five on the twenty third of November 1963, 59A Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Hampshire.

(Tardis engines.)

(Tardis materialises. Door opens.)

CHARLEY: Well, they've certainly got a big garden at this 59A Barnsfield Crescent.

(Door closes.)

CHARLEY: No sign of a fence, and

(A flapping creature whoos at her.)

DOCTOR: Not humans, are they.

CHARLEY: Not remotely, no. At a guess I'd say that wasn't normal for 1963.

DOCTOR: Largely not.

CHARLEY: Isn't the Tardis supposed to help us understand what aliens are talking about?

DOCTOR: Er, it is, yes. Something interfering with the telepathic circuits, then. Now that is a bit worrying.

CHARLEY: Still, he or she seems friendly enough, and the others don't seem particularly bothered by our being here. What are they? Have you met them before?

DOCTOR: Three legged, monocular, almost plant-like. No, don't seem to ring any bells. And you're right, they seem pretty content with their lot.

CHARLEY: Looks like an agricultural society. If these creatures are plants, isn't that cannibalism?

(The creature burbles.)

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I don't know what you're saying, but it's very nice to meet you. Yes, off you

go.

(It stomps off, flapping its leaves.)

DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: What are you. Ah, yes, I see. So we're not on Earth, then. Not unless another sun arrives in time for nineteen hundred and sixty three, and I imagine that's impossible.

DOCTOR: Pretty much, yes.

CHARLEY: So much for your recalibrating.

DOCTOR: This is something to do with that red light flashing on the console.

CHARLEY: Is it? How?

DOCTOR: I don't know, but I set the coordinates precisely, and it was a text book materialisation.

(Big thudding sound.)

DOCTOR: Whoa whoa whoa!

CHARLEY: What the hell is that?

DOCTOR: Bad news, judging by the local's reactions. Quick, back in the Tardis.

(Thuds. Cracking of ground sounds.)

CHARLEY: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Charley!

(Rocks tumbling, the Doctor gasping.)

DOCTOR: Charley, where? Where?

CHARLEY [distant]: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Charley? Cha. What are you doing over there?

CHARLEY [distant]: That thing, whatever it was, whatever they are, they're ripping up the earth, crushing those poor creatures.

DOCTOR: Can you find a way over here?

CHARLEY [distant]: I don't think so. That thing ripped a hole between us that must stretch about half a mile. And a long way down, too. What are those things?

DOCTOR: Something designed purely for the purpose of destruction.

CHARLEY [distant]: I noticed.

DOCTOR: Metal, tall as the Eiffel Tower, unpleasant, whatever they are. Where's the Tardis?

CHARLEY [distant]: I don't know. It got thrown up in the air. That's the last I saw of it, going through a cloud of dust some way in that direction.

DOCTOR: What direction?

CHARLEY [distant]: Well, I think. Oh, I'm not sure, to be honest.

DOCTOR: All right, all right. It looks as though this hole narrows quite a bit up that way.

CHARLEY [distant]: Does it?

DOCTOR: If we both head up that way, we should be able to find a way across.

CHARLEY [distant]: Doctor, look out!

DOCTOR: Argh! Run for it, Charley! That way. I'll meet you up there.

CHARLEY [distant]: Oh, all right, all right.

CHARLEY: (breathless) Oh, Doctor, where are you? Oh, I shouldn't have left you. Oh, I don't believe it. The Tardis! Please let there be a spare key in this outfit. Yes!

(Unlocks door.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you in there?

(Runs into console room. Door closes.)

CHARLEY: Doctor? Oh, not here.

(Door keeps opening and closing.)

CHARLEY: What on Earth's going on?

(Running with sonic screwdriver operating.)

DOCTOR: Come on, come on. Where are you, old girl? Don't tell me that the sonic screwdriver has chosen this moment to go totally Tonto. Wait a minute. Energy reading? What's that? Hey, what's going on? (fizzing sound) I think I just walked through some kind of forcefield. Interesting.

ROBOT: Not really.

DOCTOR: Oh. Hello. How did I get here?

ROBOT: I don't know. Are you something to do with that pathetic demonstration?

DOCTOR: What pathetic

ROBOT: There, on the screen. Are you blind?

DOCTOR: Oh, but that's where I was just now. And you've been watching it? All of it?
ROBOT: If you mean the rather dull demonstration of brute force, then yes. This kind of weaponry is so old-fashioned and unimaginative. I'm not surprised tickets to the display were so aggressively discounted.
DOCTOR: Display? Empty seats. Just you watching?
ROBOT: Precisely. Excuse me, I'm off to find the more impressive stuff.
DOCTOR: Weapons, you mean?
ROBOT: Of course. What else would I be looking for in a weapons factory? Although I must say, so far I'm distinctly unimpressed by what the Vess have to offer.
(Stomps off with a hiss of hydraulics.)
DOCTOR: The Vess. Vess. Vess, Vess, Vess. Nope, never heard of them.

CHARLEY: I know for certain that's the door control. Oh, why are you doing this, you stupid machine. Just close the doors!

(Thud.)

CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, well, thank you.

(Wibbly electronic noise.)

CHARLEY: What was that?

SUSAN [OC]: There's someone in here.

IAN [OC]: Stay back, Susan.

SUSAN [OC]: It's all right, Ian. I don't think she means us any harm.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: My dear child.

SUSAN [OC]: Hello. Are you human?

CHARLEY: Who are you?

JAMIE [OC]: Havers, it's a lassie.

ZOE [OC]: Fascinating. It's some kind of spatial disturbance.

JAMIE [OC]: How did you get into the Tardis?

ZOE [OC]: Nothing like this has happened before, has it, Doctor?

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: I dare say it hasn't. How very odd.

CHARLEY: Hello? My name's Charley. I'm with the Doctor.

JAMIE [OC]: Doctor, look!

ZOE [OC]: Like a ghost. A ghost in the Tardis.

STEVEN [OC]: How do you know the Doctor?

SARA [OC]: Stay right where you are. My name is Sara Kingdom, of the Space Security Service. Now, turn around to face me.

(Playing a descant recorder.)

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: A heap of iron they might be, Ben, but you can never be too sure where the Daleks are concerned.

POLLY [OC]: We won't ever meet them again, will we, Doctor? I can see we're not going to get any straight answers from this new body of yours.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Three Blind Mice.

POLLY [OC]: I give up. Doctor, look!

CHARLEY: Oh no.

(Polly screams.)

JO [OC]: Why is that light flashing?

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Hmm. Light? What light?

JO [OC]: Here, on the console.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Good grief. It appears to be some kind of warning.

JO [OC]: Doctor, look!

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Ah. Hello, my dear.

CHARLEY: Warning? Who are you all? Can you hear me?

TURLOUGH [OC]: Yes, yes, I can hear you. Are you working for him?

CHARLEY: Sorry?

TURLOUGH [OC]: The Black Guardian. Did he send you?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I've no idea who you're talking about.

TEGAN [OC]: Turlough! Turlough, where've you been? Hells teeth, who's your friend?

TURLOUGH [OC]: I've no idea. She just materialised.

TEGAN [OC]: Looks like the Doctor's picked up a stowaway.

CHARLEY: Hello? Oh, I can't quite see you. It's as if

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: I'd guess she's from the future.

LEELA [OC]: The future? The future of the Tardis?

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: In a way, yes, Leela, she is.

DOCTOR: 4: Hello.

CHARLEY: What's happened? Where am I?

DOCTOR 4: You're in the Tardis. How do you do.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR 4: Oh, no need to. I'm the Doctor, and this is

LEELA: I am Leela. Who are you?

CHARLEY: You're the? What?

DOCTOR 4: Yes, the Doctor. And this is the Tardis. Well, *my* Tardis, not yours.

(Sonic screwdriver. Clatter of metal.)

DOCTOR: Ah ha. Reality orientation controls. Fascinating. So what was all that with those gigantic war machines? Some kind of three dimensional simulation? Now, let's see if I can adjust the view to find the TARDIS. Ah, this is fiendishly, *oh*, frighteningly advanced technology. Wait a minute, yes! That's that hole in the ground and... there! There you are, old girl. Safe and sound. So if this is all a simulation, then I wonder if those poor creatures who dies in the attack were actually real.

DRONE: They are real.

DOCTOR: Ah. Where do you spring or rather hover from?

DRONE: The Vess only ever used real subjects to demonstrate the effectiveness of their hardware.

DOCTOR: The Vess, again. And I'm already beginning not to like them.

CHARLEY: But you're not the Doctor.

DOCTOR 4: Oh, but I am. The definite article you might say. I'm afraid it seems that my future counterpart hasn't told you about regeneration.

LEELA: Regeneration?

CHARLEY: And it looks that you haven't told her either.

DOCTOR 4: Ah, yes, good point. Well, it's quite a dull subject, actually. It's just something we Time Lords do to avoid the ravages of eternity.

CHARLEY: You change your faces?

DOCTOR 4: Total cellular regeneration.

LEELA: And you have done this before? Doctor?

DOCTOR 4: Mmm what? Oh, yes! A few times, I try not to think about it. Have you noticed that red light it is still flashing?

CHARLEY: You have a red light flashing too?

DOCTOR 4: Oh, yes. That's why we ended up here. I imagine it's some kind of trap, and look. It's getting brighter.

LEELA: I said it was a bad omen.

DOCTOR 4: Yes, you did, Leela, you did. And I fear that in some small way you were right.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let me just get this straight. This is the same Tardis I was in, but at some point in the past.

DOCTOR 4: That's right. You really are rather bright, aren't you? Er, what did you say your name was?

CHARLEY: I didn't.

LEELA: We have told you our names.

CHARLEY: Oh, er, I'm Charlotte Pollard.

LEELA: Charlotte. That is a good strong name.

CHARLEY: Thank you. People call me Charley.

LEELA: I am not people. I am Leela and I shall call you Charlotte.

CHARLEY: All right, er, Leela, thank you. But listen, Doctor. If you are the Doctor.

DOCTOR 4: I just told you.

CHARLEY: How do you know I'm from your future?

DOCTOR 4: Because I remember all my past companions and you are not one of them.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see. Yes.

DOCTOR 4: Right. Now we've got all that cleared up, let's go out and discover exactly what kind of trap this is.

CHARLEY: No!
LEELA: Why not? You have already been out there.
CHARLEY: I have.
LEELA: And it is dangerous.
CHARLEY: Very dangerous. There are some gigantic metal things tramping around up there ripping up the ground and crushing the life out of the local population.
DOCTOR 4: On Earth? In 1963?
CHARLEY: I don't know where it is but it certainly isn't Earth. There are two suns and the inhabitants are sort of plant things with three legs.
DOCTOR 4: Interesting. Let's have a look.
(Scanner turned on.)
LEELA: Oh, you spoke the truth.
CHARLEY: Of course I spoke the truth.
DOCTOR 4: Let's find somewhere safer.
(Tardis engines.)
CHARLEY: Wait a minute, no, you can't!
LEELA: Let go of the Doctor or I will
DOCTOR 4: Leela! There is no need for that. Charley is our darling.
CHARLEY: But you are leaving my Doctor behind! He's stuck out there at the mercy of those things!
LEELA: What is happening? Doctor, that red light flashes brighter.
DOCTOR 4: Ah.

DOCTOR: Oh, wait a minute, no, no, no. What's happening? Where are you going, old girl?

DOCTOR 4: Oh, no.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR 4: I intended just to nudge us a few hundred yards to safety.
LEELA: And you cannot?
DOCTOR 4: We are shifting in time. No! Wait a minute, it's worst than that. Somehow time is folding in on itself.
LEELA: Wait. A presence. I sense something, something is here with us, in the Tardis.
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Oh, my word.
DOCTOR: Oh, that's odd. That's very odd.
CHARLEY: Oh, no.
LEELA: Who are these spirits?
DOCTOR 4: Not spirits, Leela.
CHARLEY: It's happening again.
(Indistinct voices.)
DOCTOR 4: They're me. My former selves.
LEELA: Who is that? Another of your former selves?
DOCTOR 4: No. I've no idea of who that is. Charley, is *that* your Doctor?
CHARLEY: No, it isn't. I have never seen him before in my life.
MAN: (echoing) This, this is impossible!
(Sudden silence.)
LEELA: Who was that?

DOCTOR: Wait a minute. The Tardis. What's it doing there?
DRONE: This object has been here for some time.
DOCTOR: Some time? I don't understand. I just saw it on the screen.
DRONE: I was tasked with investigating and removing it.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, you're all right!
DOCTOR: Charley? How did you fly the. Oh.
DOCTOR 4: Yes. Something rather strange is happening. I take you are
DOCTOR: The Doctor. Yes. Hello, Doctor. Any idea what you are doing here?
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR 4: None, whatsoever. Intriguing, isn't it?
LEELA: You are a future Doctor? Charlotte's Doctor?
DOCTOR: Leela, hello. Yes. Yes, I am. It's lovely to see you again after all this years.

LEELA: I find this strange.
DOCTOR 4: She has a gift for understatement.
DOCTOR: I remember. You must have slipped backwards in time.
DOCTOR 4: Forwards, surely.
DOCTOR: No, I mean when you moved the Tardis from out there to here. I only just saw you dematerialise, but this drone tells me the Tardis has been here for some while.
CHARLEY: You said that time was folding in on itself, didn't you?
DOCTOR 4: Yes, I did. And that's not all.
DOCTOR: Not all?
DOCTOR 4: I'm afraid not. We have just been treated to a little pageant of my, of our former selves.
DOCTOR: More of us?
DOCTOR 4: Yes, my immediate predecessors, all of them looking rather ethereal. And there was another chap.
LEELA: He said, 'This is impossible', and then the visions vanished!
CHARLEY: Doctor, somehow I ended up in his Tardis and not yours. What's going on?
DOCTOR: Somebody is breaking the First Law of Time, that's what. And you know what that means, Doctor.
DOCTOR 4: Yes. I'm reluctant to say it, but we'd better get in touch with the Time Lords.
DOCTOR: Agreed. Come on, into the Tardis, everyone. I love that scarf, by the way.
DOCTOR 4: You're too kind, you should get one yourself. After you.
(Big squelch!)
CHARLEY: What? Oh, no!
DRONE: Stand well back.
DOCTOR 4: You vandal. That's my Tardis you're covering in slime.
DRONE: This object has been encased in a security seal and will be impounded.
CHARLEY: Why?
DRONE: You are trespassers in this high security installation.
DOCTOR 4: Is that what this place is?
DOCTOR: It's a weapons factory owned by a race who call themselves the Vess.
DOCTOR 4: Well, nobody's perfect.
DRONE: That information is classified. You will all be detained for questioning.
(Knife drawn.)
LEELA: You just try that, you metal thing!
DOCTOR 4: Leela, no need to escalate the situation. I'm sure this little fellow will
CHARLEY: Doctor, more of them.
DRONE: These security drones will restrain you.
DOCTOR 4: Doctor, are you thinking what I'm thinking?
DOCTOR: I think I am. Run, everyone! Run!
(Squelch!)
CHARLEY: (indistinct) Ah! I can't, I can't move!
DOCTOR: Charley, I'll get you out.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
LEELA: Get back, metal things. I am warning you!
DOCTOR 4: Doctor, you won't get Charley out of there with your sonic screwdriver.
DOCTOR: What? Wait a minute.
DOCTOR 4: What is it?
DOCTOR: I'm detecting energy from another Tardis.
DOCTOR: Ah. You think another one of us has landed nearby?
CHARLEY: (indistinct) Doctor! Urgh.
LEELA: Ah! (clang) Doctor, these metal creatures cannot be harmed.
DOCTOR 4: We've got to go and find that other Tardis. Come on!
DOCTOR: Charley, I'm sorry. We'll come back for you. You hear me, Charley?
CHARLEY: (indistinct) Doctor? No!
DOCTOR: We'll come back for you. I'm sorry, Charley. I'm sorry.
DRONE: Restrain them. Restrain them.
LEELA: Oh, Doctors, come on!

(Stuttering Tardis engines, dramatic music, then peace.)
PERI: Well, I'm glad that's over.

DOCTOR 6: Hmm.

PERI: Don't tell me. We bumped into a planet rather than landing on it.

DOCTOR 6: Yes, yes, thank you, Peri. The Tardis does not bump into planets.

PERI: Well then, what actually happened? It seemed like everything was about to blow up.

DOCTOR 6: That, as it turns out, was a very accurate description. Everything was indeed about to. Oh.

PERI: Doctor? Are you okay?

DOCTOR 6: No. No, I am far from okay.

PERI: What are you looking at? A flashing red light.

DOCTOR 6: Indeed. A flashing red light that wasn't there before.

PERI: Oh.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, indeed.

PERI: Well, what does that mean?

DOCTOR 6: Since the hairs on the back of my neck are standing on end, I should think it means trouble.

(Alarms.)

TANNOY: Security lockdown! Security lockdown! All factory security drones are ordered to track down and apprehend three intruders. Likenesses now transmitting to all screens and memory banks. Security lockdown!

DOCTOR 4: Are you still picking up all those readings from that other Tardis, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I am, Doctor. This way

LEELA: No, we cannot.

DOCTOR 4: What is it, Leela?

LEELA: More of these flying metal things

DOCTOR: Where?

(Sonic screwdriver.)

LEELA: I do not smell them. Quickly, we must go another way. Quickly!

DOCTOR: Er. Yes, through here.

(Door opens.)

DRONE: Reading three intruders.

DOCTOR 4: Another viewing gallery. Packed this time.

TANNOY: Demonstration begins in five, four, three, two, one

LEELA: Who are these creatures through that window?

DOCTOR: I don't know, but I don't fancy their chances.

DOCTOR 4: We'd better keep moving. Come on.

LEELA: Wait! Look!

DOCTOR: More slaughter.

DOCTOR 4: This is appalling. Whoever these Vess creatures are, they've a lot to answer for.

DOCTOR: My feelings exactly.

LEELA: They are creatures without honour. They pick on the weak and vulnerable who have no defence against their advanced weapons.

DOCTOR: And my guess is this entire factory is devoted for that aim.

DOCTOR [OC]: Come on, we should keep moving.

LEELA [OC]: I should like to face them in unarmed combat and see how brave they are then.

MASTER: Never less than predictable, Doctor. Your savage little companion is quite the fire brand, isn't she?

COMPANION: Master. One human captured.

CHARLEY: Get me out of this!

MASTER: Ah, Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY: Who the hell are you?

MASTER: Oh. I am the Master.

CHARLEY: Never heard of you.

MASTER: No, and you never will. And soon you will have never heard of the Doctor either.

CHARLEY: What?! What do you mean? What on Earth are you talking about? (voice fades away.)

MASTER: (laughs) And there she goes. The first of many.

(Lots of beeping.)

PERI: So, where are we going, then?

DOCTOR 6: Well, not to 59A Barnsfield Crescent on the twenty third of November 1963, and that's for sure. It's got trap written all over it.

(Voices of second Doctor and companions.)

PERI: Wait a minute. I recognise one of those guys.

DOCTOR 6: The one with the mop-top hair cut and the checked trousers?

PERI: It's you! I mean, a previous version of you. We met him

DOCTOR 6: During that business with Dastari, yes. And I'm guessing it won't surprise you to know who those other insubstantial spirits are, then.

PERI: You mean, they're all you?

DOCTOR 6: The ones I recognise are. The others, I suspect, may be the ghosts of my future.

PERI: This isn't normal, right?

DOCTOR 6: Not in the slightest. (beeping) Oh!

PERI: What does that mean?

DOCTOR 6: I'm not sure. Wait a minute. An energy source. Incredible power!

PERI: On Earth, in 1963?

DOCTOR 6: That's where it appears to be pin-pointed. But it's a stream of energy. Pure energy. Perhaps we'd better found out exactly where it's coming from. Hold tight!

PERI: Whoa! You were serious about the holding tight, weren't you. Where is that energy coming from?

DOCTOR 6: We're stuck in its flow, heading right back up stream to its origin. Oh, dear.

PERI: It's not good news, is it?

DOCTOR 6: We're heading to the explosion of matter at the beginning of the universe.

PERI: The Big Bang, right?

DOCTOR 6: I'm afraid so. Keep holding tight, Peri!

(Tardis engines struggling.)

(Door opens. Footsteps. Door closes.)

LEELA: This place is full of strange things. It's smells old.

DOCTOR 4: At a guess, I'd say some kind of museum.

DOCTOR: A military museum. Look at that.

LEELA: Oh, this a good crossbow.

DOCTOR 4: And in working order, I see. Careful with that, Leela.

LEELA: We will need it. The metal things are not far from behind us. Other Doctor, have you found this Tardis you seek?

(Sonic screwdriver.)

DOCTOR: It's in here somewhere. Wait a minute, wait a minute. There!

DOCTOR 4: Ah, It's disguised as a military tank.

DOCTOR: Can't belong to us, then, unless one of our future selves bothers to fix the Chameleon Circuit.

DOCTOR 4: Could we really become that vulgar?

DOCTOR: Anything's possible.

LEELA: They are here. I can smell them.

DRONE: You will be detained for questioning.

LEELA: Doctors! You had better find a way to get this Tardis open.

DOCTOR: It won't open!

LEELA: Get back, metal ones. I am warning you!

DRONE: Put down the weapon. Put down the argh.

(Crossbow bolt hits. The drone falls to the floor.)

DRONE 2: You will now be treated as hostile.

LEELA: Quickly. I cannot reload fast enough.

DOCTOR 4: Doctor, I've got an idea. Hold your sonic screwdriver by that Tardis's door.

DOCTOR: But that won't

DOCTOR 4: Just do it! Now.

DOCTOR: Right.

LEELA: Get back!

(Clang.)

DRONE 2: Do not throw crossbows at us.

DOCTOR 4: And if I just touch your sonic screwdriver with mine.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR 4: Quickly, inside.

DOCTOR: Leela, come on!

MASTER: Oh, bravo, Doctors. Bravo. Sonic screwdrivers held by the same Time Lord. Touch them together and a sufficient amount of temporal energy is released to force entry to my Tardis. What clever fellows you are. Clever, but ultimately futile. Time is folding in on you, and there's nothing you can do to stop it.

LEELA: Whose Tardis is this?

DOCTOR 4: I'm not sure. Rather dingy. Smells of (sniffs) antiseptic.

DOCTOR: It looks fully functional.

LEELA: Doctors.

DRONE [OC]: You must be apprehended.

DOCTOR 4: Close the door, would you, Doctor?

DRONE [OC]: You must be apprehended. You must be apprehended.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Happy to oblige, Doctor. Now what?

LEELA: Can we not find the way to getting back to our own Tar

DOCTOR 4: Leela. Leela! Where's she gone?

DOCTOR: What has just happened?

MASTER [OC]: Congratulations, Doctors.

DOCTORS: Ah.

DOCTOR: You.

DOCTOR 4: The Master. How dreary to see you again.

MASTER [OC]: You managed to get into my Tardis. How very resourceful of you.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't tell us. This is a trap.

MASTER: My Tardis? No. No, I don't think so. In fact I didn't anticipate your actually getting into it.

DOCTOR 4: What are you looking so smug about? Or did the wind change and you just got stuck like that?

MASTER [OC]: Well, I'm merely enjoying the fact that everything you do is ultimately futile.

DOCTOR 4: Oh, that's a matter of opinion.

DOCTOR: What have you done with Leela and Charley?

MASTER [OC]: Oh, yes. You saw Leela go, didn't you? That must have been very distressing for you. I'm afraid your friend Charlotte went the same way too.

DOCTOR: When does. What?

DOCTOR 4: What are you talking about? What have you done to them?

MASTER [OC]: But soon, of course, they'll all be gone.

DOCTOR: All? What

MASTER [OC]: Every single

(Click.)

DOCTOR: Why did you switch him off?

DOCTOR 4: He was only talking to distract us.

DOCTOR: From what?

DOCTOR 4: From finding our way back to our Tardis.

DOCTOR: Of course, because he must know that if our Tardises still are in the same time zone we can

DOCTOR 4: Activate emergency homing beacon, of course. Ah. Where is it? Ah ha.

DOCTOR: It was your Tardis you arrived in, so you had better be the one to link with the telepathic circuits.

DOCTOR 4: Good idea. Now.

DOCTOR: Is it working?

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR 4: Hey presto!

DOCTOR: I love these old safety protocols. How come it's still covered in slime? I would have thought the materialisation process would have

(Splosh!)

DOCTOR 4: Luckily you are right. After you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Obligated to you, Doctor.
(Tardis door opens and closes.)

MASTER: You think you're so clever, don't you, Doctors? But none of this makes the slightest difference. Things are only going to get much, much worse for you and your precious Tardis. The die is cast. The end is nigh. All I have to do is just sit back and enjoy the view.

(Footsteps.)

DOCTOR: I'd quite forgotten about this control room.

DOCTOR 4: So had I. Now, first things first. We've got to dematerialise and then find the Master.

(Tardis engines stutter.)

DOCTOR: That's not right. What's going on?

DOCTOR 4: Something.

DOCTOR: What is?

DOCTOR 4: We're trapped.

DOCTOR: In the Master's Tardis.

DOCTOR 4: That whole weapons factory. It's in a kind of pocket dimension.

DOCTOR: A pocket dimension you can only enter by heading to three minutes past five on the twenty third of November 1963.

DOCTOR 4: So it would appear.

DOCTOR: And we really can't get out of it?

DOCTOR 4: So far, no.

DOCTOR: Wait a minute, where are temporal ballast controls?

DOCTOR 4: On the panel right next to you. Ah, I see what you're thinking.

DOCTOR: Shall we?

DOCTOR 4: Be my guest.

DOCTOR: This should just about give us the power we need to

(Engines stop)

DOCTOR 4: That shouldn't have happened.

DOCTOR: Tell me about it.

DOCTOR 4: That red light again.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Oh, my word.

DOCTOR 3: It would appear to be some kind of

DOCTOR 4: I don't recognise this.

DOCTOR: It's my version of the Tardis's control room.

DOCTOR 4: Really? Seems a trifle ostentatious to me.

DOCTOR: I inherited it.

DOCTOR 4: Who from, Jules Verne?

ACE [OC]: Hang on, Professor. Who are these blokes?

DOCTOR: No, from him.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Ah, yes. Hello! Can you hear me?

DOCTOR 4: Ah. Another future me, I take it?

DOCTOR: Yes. Hello. Doctor, can you hear me? Oh, he's gone again.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Doctor, do you know what the power source of this pocket dimension is?

DOCTOR: Power source? What power source?

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: We're heading for the explosion of matter at the beginning of the universe.

PERI [OC]: The Big Bang, right?

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: I'm afraid so. Keep holding tight, Peri!

DOCTOR 4: The Big Bang? That's not me. Do I really end up with such a terrible sense of fashion?

DOCTOR: Says the man in the impractical scarf. It's all a question of taste, I suppose.

DOCTOR 4: Well, I suppose that would explain your Wild Bill Hickok outfit.

DOCTOR: Oh. Most people think it's something to do with Byron.

DOCTOR 4: Look out!

NYSSA [OC]: What's so special about the twenty third of November in 1963?

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: As far as I know, nothing. But just in case.

DOCTOR 4: Anybody for cricket? Er, that was me as well, I take it?

DOCTOR: It was. Your immediate successor, actually.
DOCTOR 4: All quiet on the western front.
DOCTOR: Except for that.
DOCTOR 4: All those Tardises, all those Doctors. And the one thing they have in common? A little red light pulsing away.
DOCTOR: And what exactly does it mean? Where did it come from?
DOCTOR 4: I haven't the faintest idea.
DOCTOR: I don't like the sound of that. Let's see.
(Works controls.)
DOCTOR 4: You're not looking very optimistic.
DOCTOR: I'm just thinking about what Charley said earlier, that when you moved the Tardis before, it was as if Time was folding in on itself.
DOCTOR 4: Yes, that's right.
DOCTOR: It's happening again, except that it's not so much Time, but the Tardis itself.
DOCTOR 4: You mean the Tardis is folding in on itself?
DOCTOR: Yes. Somehow, she's destroying herself inch by inch, second by second, but in no particular temporal order.
(Stuttering Tardis engines stop.)
DOCTOR: That's it. No power left. None of the controls is working, not even the door.
DOCTOR 4: Just that light. It's the only thing that's left at the end of the Tardis's life. It really is the end, old girl.
DOCTOR: And we're not even remotely prepared for it.
DOCTOR 5 [OC]: This, this is impossible.
(Explosions.)

(Stuttering Tardis engines.)
NYSSA: So, er, we didn't blow up, then.
DOCTOR 5: It would appear not, Nyssa, which is just as well.
NYSSA: But you were convinced we were going to blow up, weren't you?
DOCTOR 5: Er, yes, yes, for a few moments there, I was. Still, everything looks all right now. Good, I suppose, even though it doesn't make sense.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR 5: Hmm?
NYSSA: Have you seen this?
DOCTOR 5: Seen what? Ah. Now that's not right at all.
NYSSA: I don't remember ever having seen that light before.
DOCTOR 5: No, and there's a very good reason for that.
NYSSA: Which is?
DOCTOR 5: It's never been there before. That light has only just arrived, which is very odd.
Hmm. 1703, on the twenty third of November, 1963, at 59A Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Hampshire, England, Earth.
NYSSA: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR 5: Those are the precise coordinates we were passing through when that red flashing light appeared on the console.
NYSSA: What's so special about the twenty third of November in 1963?
DOCTOR 5: As far as I know, nothing. But just in case.
(Operates controls. Tardis materialises, doors open.)
DOCTOR 5: Shall we go outside?
NYSSA: If you're sure it's safe. Doctor?
(Door opens, footsteps.)
DOCTOR 5: We appear to have landed inside someone's garden shed.
NYSSA: So, this is 1703 hours on the twenty third of
DOCTOR 5: 1702 hours. I deliberately landed us a minute before, just in case.
NYSSA: In case of what?
DOCTOR 5: Not sure. I just had a funny feeling that, er, I don't know. Right, back inside.
NYSSA: Oh.

(Tardis doors. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR 5: Now then, the time should be coming up to just about 1703.
NYSSA: Nothing's happened.

DOCTOR 5: Look again, Nyssa.

NYSSA: What? Oh. That light's disappeared.

DOCTOR 5: Yes, it has. I've no idea why. Hmm. Yes, no sign of it ever having been there. Interesting.

(Alarm.)

NYSSA: Doesn't that indicate some kind of power discharge?

DOCTOR 5: Very good, Nyssa. You're right.

NYSSA: What was it? Doctor? You look worried.

DOCTOR 5: It's coming from another Tardis.

(Tardis doors.)

ACE: Okay, Professor, I get that this flashing light somehow appeared from nowhere when we passed through 1963 again, and I get that you wanted to land us there in this Totton place to find out why. What I don't get is why we've actually ended up in some sort of pocket?

DOCTOR 7: A pocket dimension, Ace. An entire reality, but in a finite space of around a billion cubic kilometres.

ACE: That's pretty big.

DOCTOR 7: But as dimensions go, pretty small. And almost certainly artificial.

ACE: So who built it?

DOCTOR 7: I've no idea, but it must take almost unimaginable power to sustain it.

ACE: Is it my imagination, or is this red light getting even brighter?

DOCTOR 7: No, you're right, it is. I wonder why?

(Various distant voices.)

ACE: Blimey, what's going on?

DOCTOR 7: Oh dear.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Light? What light?

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Very odd.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Good grief, it appears to be some kind of

DOCTOR [OC]: Another version of the Tardis's control room.

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: Really? Seems a trifle ostentatious to me.

DOCTOR [OC]: I inherited it.

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: Who from, Jules Verne?

ACE: Hang on a minute, Professor. Who are these blokes?

DOCTOR [OC]: No, from him.

DOCTOR 7: Ah, yes. Hello! Can you hear me?

ACE: You know them?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, yes, I'm very much afraid I do.

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: Another future me, I take it?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes.

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Very odd.

DOCTOR [OC]: Doctor, can you hear me?

DOCTOR 7: Doctor, do you know what the power source of this pocket dimension is?

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: No idea.

ACE: They've gone. Why did you call them Doctor?

DOCTOR 7: Oh, because they were me, from the past and the future.

ACE: What! But they didn't even look like you.

DOCTOR 7: No, I change from time to time.

ACE: You what?

DOCTOR 7: I renew myself. I regenerate. It's in the nature of a Time Lord.

ACE: So are you seriously telling me all those blokes, old man white hair, Beatles haircut, frilly shirt, long scarf big eyes, cricket boy, Joseph and his amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat, and Lord Byron, all of them, they were you?

DOCTOR 7: Er, yes.

ACE: Wicked! So, what now?

DOCTOR 7: We go outside and investigate.

ACE: It looks pitch black out there. Can't see a thing on the scanner.

DOCTOR 7: Yes, but the air's breathable, so we'd better get some torches.

(Musical box.)

BOB: Jen, love? Kevin? Linda? No sign of the police yet. I phoned hours ago. Why haven't they

arrived? No, it's all right, don't be scared. You two just play with your doll's house. Mummy and Daddy will sort all this out. Jen? Jenny, love?

(Strong wind whistling. Door opens. Heavy footsteps.)

NYSSA: Oh, it's freezing out here.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR 5: England suffered a particularly cold winter in 1963.

NYSSA: Wait a minute. It's the middle of the night. It wasn't night when we came out here just now. It was more like dusk.

DOCTOR 5: Yes, that's peculiar. Mind you, it does get dark early in November.

NYSSA: You've set that thing to detect energy from that other Tardis?

DOCTOR 5: I did, but worryingly it's registering some kind of temporal folding.

NYSSA: You mean time is folding in on itself in some way?

DOCTOR 5: Precisely that. Just a small amount. I'd say we'd lost about six hours.

NYSSA: Do you think this other Tardis caused that?

DOCTOR 5: That's entirely possible, yes, if it's malfunctioning, and if that's the case we'd better find it and repair it before it does some really serious damage to the fabric of space time itself.

NYSSA: It seems to be indicating that way.

DOCTOR 5: Yes. Come on. A good brisk walk should warm us up. And remember, we're in someone's back garden, so keep quiet. We don't want to wake anyone.

DOCTOR 5: Yes, definitely this way. Somewhere close by.

NYSSA: Out there, in the street?

DOCTOR 5: Very possibly.

NYSSA: Doctor, what's the point of our whispering when that tracker of yours is making so much noise.

DOCTOR 5: Er.

BOB: What's going on out here? Is that the police?

NYSSA: Doctor, switch it off.

(Tracker switched off.)

NYSSA: Er, no, we're not the police. We're just er, lost.

DOCTOR 5: Yes. Well done, Nyssa. Er, yes, sorry to bother you. We'll be on our way.

BOB: I'm so glad you've finally got here.

DOCTOR 5: I beg your pardon?

BOB: CID, I suppose. Plain clothes?

DOCTOR 5: Plain? Er, no, as my friend said, we're not the

BOB: It's only I called hours ago. I didn't know what to do. I'm sure it's just a false alarm, but, you know, it did seem odd that they, well, disappeared.

DOCTOR 5: Er, who, who disappeared?

BOB: My wife and kids. Have you found them?

NYSSA: Er, no. No, we haven't.

DOCTOR 5: When did they go missing?

BOB: I expect you want to come in and ask me some questions. I'll get the kettle on. Do come in.

DOCTOR 5: Oh, er.

NYSSA: Doctor, do you think this is anything to do with why we're here?

DOCTOR 5: I'm not sure. I'm not sure. But there was something odd about him, don't you think?

NYSSA: Yes, I know what you mean. Presumably our clothing isn't right for this time and place, but he just didn't seem to notice.

BOB: (distant) How'd you take it? Milk and sugar?

DOCTOR 5: Let's just check. Come on.

(Medium-pitch continuous tone in the background.)

BOB: The lounge is second on the left. Er, make yourself comfortable, won't be a minute.

NYSSA: Where's that noise coming from?

DOCTOR 5: The television, I think. Yes, let's just turn that down.

NYSSA: What's that strange image on the screen?

DOCTOR 5: Hmm?

NYSSA: Some sort of coded message?

DOCTOR 5: Oh no, no. It's the test card.

NYSSA: What does it test?

DOCTOR 5: It's for testing the picture. In 1967 they replaced the circle in the centre with the picture of a little girl and a clown playing noughts and crosses.

NYSSA: I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about, Doctor.

DOCTOR 5: No. Never mind. Ah!

BOB: Sit yourself down

DOCTOR 5: Thanks.

NYSSA: Thank you.

BOB: You didn't say about milk or sugars so I brought some in.

DOCTOR 5: So, Mister er

BOB: Dovie. Bob Dovie. Didn't they tell you that?

NYSSA: Didn't who tell us?

DOCTOR 5: Er, no. No, it must have been a mix-up at the er, police station. So, your wife and children have disappeared?

BOB: You haven't found them?

NYSSA: No, I'm afraid we haven't,

BOB: Oh. I thought you might have been coming to tell me you'd. No. No.

NYSSA: When did you last see them?

DOCTOR 5: Mister Dovie?

BOB: Hmm?

DOCTOR 5: Your wife and children, when did you last

BOB: Jenny! That's my wife. Kevin, he's five, and Linda is three.

DOCTOR 5: I see, yes. And when did you last see them?

BOB: Have we met before?

DOCTOR 5: I don't think so, no.

BOB: No. It's that, I'm not sure, there's something about your face I remember. No, no I can't seem to recall now. It's difficult, you see. I can't, can't seem to concentrate.

NYSSA: Are you all right, Mister Dovie?

BOB: It was in the middle of the night.

DOCTOR 5: When they disappeared?

BOB: There was someone at the door, and then I couldn't find Jenny, Kevin or Linda. I looked everywhere. I phoned Pat and Mick over the road, woke them up. I thought they might be there, but they weren't. So I waited a bit. Didn't want to call out, didn't want to wake the neighbours, you see.

DOCTOR 5: I see.

BOB: So I phoned you lot.

DOCTOR 5: Who was at the door?

BOB: I don't know.

DOCTOR 5: I see. Er, I wonder, Mister Dovie, do you have any biscuits?

BOB: Biscuits?

DOCTOR 5: Yes. Detective Sergeant Nyssa and I are feeling a bit peckish. You don't mind, do you?

BOB: Ah. No, no, of course not. I'll er, I'll go and get some.

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR 5: You'd like a biscuit, wouldn't you, Sergeant Nyssa?

NYSSA: Oh, I'm sure I would.

BOB: Ginger nuts?

NYSSA: I'm sorry?

BOB: Ginger nuts okay for you?

DOCTOR 5: Yes, that would be lovely, thank you,

(Bob leaves them.)

NYSSA: Doctor, what are you up to?

DOCTOR 5: Have you seen that phone?

NYSSA: Phone?

DOCTOR 5: There, look.

NYSSA: Oh, that wire has been ripped from the wall.

DOCTOR 5: I'm going to try something when he comes back. Ah!

BOB: Here we go. Help yourself

DOCTOR 5: Thanks. I wonder, Mister Dovie, could you check with your friends again, please?

BOB: Check?

DOCTOR 5: On the phone. Could you phone them please?

BOB: Phone them?

DOCTOR 5: Yes. If you'd be so kind.

BOB: I don't know if I want to wake them again. They were quite cross.

NYSSA: I'm sure they'll understand, Mister Dovie, and we are the police after all, aren't we?

BOB: Oh, well, if you say so.

(Dials.)

BOB: Hello Mick? Sorry to trouble you again. Yes, yes, I know it's late, but I've got the police here. Yes, the police. And they just wanted me to check to see if Jenny and the kids had turned up there. Have they? No. No, of course not. Sorry to trouble you. Bye.

(Phone down.)

BOB: They're not there.

DOCTOR 5: I see. Well.

BOB: They're not there. They're not there.

NYSSA: What's the matter with him? He couldn't have been talking to anyone. The device wasn't even connected.

DOCTOR 5: I know. Something has affected his mind and somehow constructed a reality he feels compelled to perpetuate.

NYSSA: You think it might have something to do with this other Tardis?

DOCTOR 5: I don't know, but I've got one or two nasty theories. Come on.

(Footsteps. Music box wound up and playing.)

BOB: That's it. You loved this music box, didn't you, kids? And the doll's house. Maybe if I play the music you'll come back to me.

(Door opens.)

BOB: Oh, hello. I forgot about you two.

DOCTOR 5: Did you. Are we that forgettable?

BOB: Hmm? Oh, no. Sorry, I just, I just don't seem to be able to think straight. Sorry, you must think I'm, I'm. Have you found my wife and kids?

NYSSA: You said someone was at your door, just before your wife and children disappeared.

BOB: Did I? Oh, yes.

DOCTOR 5: Who was it?

BOB: I, I. Yes. There was someone. A man.

NYSSA: What did he look like?

BOB: He. I can't. He was injured.

DOCTOR 5: Injured?

BOB: He looked like. I thought he was injured. Burnt.

ACE: This place is seriously dark, Professor. These's better be long-life torch batteries.

DOCTOR 7: Long life power cells. Don't worry.

ACE: It's like the darkness is sort of eating the light. Mind you, there's nothing much to see anyway, is there?

DOCTOR 7: No, the landscape does seem rather featureless. Apart from that.

ACE: A wall. Made as the same stuff as the ground, by the looks of it. Solid stone stuff. Must be hundreds of feet high!

DOCTOR 7: Let's head the other way. We'll never climb that.

ACE: Professor, did you hear that?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, I did. Can't see anything. Let's keep going.

ACE: Whatever it was, I didn't like the sound of it.

DOCTOR 7: Hmm. Oh dear.

ACE: Another wall, just the same as the other one.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. It is rather, isn't it?

ACE: So, what are we in, some sort of huge trench?

DOCTOR 7: So it would appear. So it would appear.

ACE: Oh, I'm not really liking the sound of that Professor. Let's get back to the Tardis.

DOCTOR 7: I agree. Come on.

(Running.)

ACE: Over there, look. What is it!

DOCTOR 7: I don't know.

ACE: It looks like, like a wall of mud, full of...I don't know, junk, stuff and. Oh, no.

DOCTOR 7: The bodies of its previous victims.
ACE: Oh, that's gross, Professor!
DOCTOR 7: Come on, Ace, run! Back to the Tardis!

BOB: You'll be back soon, love. I know you will be. I know you will. Everything will be all right.

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR 5: What is it, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Here, look.

DOCTOR 5: In the dolls' house? What?

NYSSA: Look through the window. Those aren't dolls, are they?

DOCTOR 5: Ah. Mister Dovie. I wonder, would you mind describing your wife and children to me?

BOB: Hmm? Er, Jenny's got short black hair. She's about

DOCTOR 5: Yes. What about your children. What were they wearing?

BOB: Kevin had his stripy blue pajamas on. Linda was in her pink nightie.

DOCTOR 5: Thank you, Mister Dovie, thank you. Sergeant Nyssa please, come with me.

(Going down stairs.)

NYSSA: It's them, isn't it? Their bodies in the dolls' house, miniaturised.

DOCTOR 5: Yes. Tissue compression.

NYSSA: That other Tardis. The Master's here, isn't it?

DOCTOR 5: He must be the injured man. Remember what the Master looked like before he regenerated?

NYSSA: You mean it's that Master? Not the one we met on Logopolis?

DOCTOR 5: He's crossed his own timeline. What's he up to? He's clearly hypnotised poor Mister Dovie.

NYSSA: Doctor, look at that screen. In the centre of that test card.

MASTER [OC]: Oh please, don't worry about adjusting the volume. I can override that.

DOCTOR 5: Why have you done this? Why have you killed that poor man's family? That's pretty pointless cruelty, even for you.

MASTER [OC]: Oh, Doctor, nothing I ever do is pointless. Not when it comes to you.

DOCTOR 5: What do you mean? What are you doing here? Why have you crossed your own timeline?

MASTER [OC]: My timeline with regard to you has no significance any more, Doctor.

NYSSA: What are you talking about?

MASTER [OC]: Ah. From what I overheard, we are yet to meet, young lady. How delicious. But none of that will happen now. I'm changing all that.

(Tracker turned on.)

DOCTOR 5: His Tardis is very near here.

MASTER [OC]: Oh yes, by all means, please do come out to play, Doctor. I'm waiting for you.

(Transmission ends with an evil laugh.)

DOCTOR 5: Come on, we've got to find him.

BOB: You, you said someone killed them. I heard you. Who, who killed them?

NYSSA: It's, it's difficult to explain, Mister Dovie.

BOB: Who did it!

DOCTOR 5: Mister Dovie, please. Wait here, please. We're going to get the man who did it, I promise you. Come on, Nyssa.

(Running.)

DOCTOR 5: There, that pillar box.

NYSSA: What?

DOCTOR 5: The red pillar.

(Dematerialises.)

DOCTOR 5: No!

MASTER [OC]: Too late, Doctor. Too late. Catch me if you can.

DOCTOR 5: No. We've got to follow him. Back to the Tardis!

DOCTOR 5: Quickly, come on!

NYSSA: The signal's fading.

DOCTOR 5: We should be able to pick it up in the Tardis.

NYSSA: Doctor?

BOB: Who killed them? Who killed my family? Why did they do it?
DOCTOR 5: I don't know. Mister Dovie, please, I'm so sorry. We're going to do our best.
BOB: This thing! This police box. I remember something. I can't. Your face.
DOCTOR 5: My face?
BOB: What's the matter with my head? Nothing makes sense.
NYSSA: Doctor, we can't just leave him here.
DOCTOR 5: No. No, probably not. Bring him inside. We can't waste time.
(Tardis doors close.)
DOCTOR 5: Now, to lock on the master's Tardis in the vortex.
NYSSA: It's all right, Mister Dovie. Just sit down and
BOB: This, this is impossible.
(Big noise.)
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR 5: Nyssa!
(Noise fades with a hint of evil laugh.)
DOCTOR 5: Nyssa! Nyssa!
NYSSA: (faint) Doctor!

[Part Two]

(Stuttering Tardis engines.)
DOCTOR 6: We're heading for the explosion of matter at the beginning of the universe.
PERI: The Big Bang, right?
DOCTOR 6: I'm afraid so! Keep holding tight, Peri! I'm going to try to. Ah! Come on, old girl. You can make it.
(Peace restored.)
PERI: Er, that wasn't the Big Bang.
DOCTOR 6: Quite the opposite. I managed to put us in reverse. We shot straight back down the energy stream, forward in time.
PERI: To Earth, 1963?
DOCTOR 6: Yes.
PERI: Well, that's not so bad. At least we're alive.
DOCTOR 6: Alive, yes. But trapped.

(Running.)
ACE: I think we've outrun it, Professor.
DOCTOR 7: Keep running, Ace. The Tardis is this way.
ACE: Are you sure? I thought it was
DOCTOR 7: There! Ah.
ACE: Oh, no. More of that stuff, and it's right behind the Tardis.
DOCTOR 7: And the rest of it is catching up with us too. Ah! Ooo.
ACE: Doctor, what's the matter?
DOCTOR 7: I just, I just sense something.
ACE: You what? What do you mean?
DOCTOR 7: Something telepathic.
ACE: You mean these moving mud walls can actually think?
DOCTOR 7: Yes. They're not just walls of mud, they're creatures, and ow. And they're using their minds to
ACE: Ah! I can feel it too now.
DOCTOR 7: They're using their minds to neutralise us, to stop us from escaping.
ACE: Doctor, what's happening? I feel like I can't move or ow! even think.
DOCTOR 7: Ace, look at me! Look into my eyes.
ACE: Oh, Professor.
DOCTOR 7: Concentrate on my voice! Concentrate! If these creatures are sentient and can think, they can feel pain. Get that Nitro-9 you're not carrying and throw it all at them. Do you hear me? If we can shock their pain sensors enough, they may withdraw long enough for us to get into the Tardis.
ACE: Doctor, I
DOCTOR 7: Do it, Ace! Do it!
ACE: (big effort) Nitro-9. Right. Short fuse.

DOCTOR 7: Now, Ace! Now!
ACE: Here we go! Take that, mud brains!
(KaBOOM.)

(Scanner operated.)

PERI: So, that's what a pocket dimension looks like.

DOCTOR 6: Certainly not 59A Barnsfield Crescent in 1963. We appear to be inside some kind of metal structure. Highly advanced technology. Hmm. Unless I'm very much mistaken, that looks like some sort of power plant to me.

PERI: So, all that power being syphoned off from the Big Bang was coming straight here?

DOCTOR 6: Indeed. But the question remains, why? Granted, a pocket dimension would need enormous amounts of power to sustain it, but why create this dimension in the first (Energy surge. They gasp.)

DOCTOR 6: Looks like a forcefield being ripped open.

PERI: And those two just came through. Who do you suppose they are?

DOCTOR 6: I have an uncanny feeling that I know. Look closer, Peri. Remember the ghost images of my past and future selves?

PERI: Yes. You mean?

DOCTOR 6: That's a future version of me.

PERI: And that's a future version of me.

DOCTOR 6: Hardly.

PERI: Just joking.

DOCTOR 6: Come on, we'd better find out what they're up to.

PERI: Wait a minute, they're

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR 6: Oh, of course. You have your own key.

DOCTOR 7: Hello, Doctor.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR 7: Ace, meet me from my past.

ACE: Er, right. This is weird.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, come on. Surely you must be used to weird by now?

PERI: Sure are. Hi. I'm Peri.

DOCTOR 7: (sadly) I know. I remember.

ACE: Hi.

DOCTOR 7: It's lovely to see you again.

ACE: You all right, Professor?

DOCTOR 7: Old friends, old faces. As a time traveller, I should be used to it, but I don't think I ever will be.

DOCTOR 6: And in our case something must have gone seriously wrong for this to have happened.

DOCTOR 7: Quite. The First Law of Time. Someone

DOCTOR 6: Or some *thing* is breaking it.

ACE: Doctor, the red light.

PERI: You had that in your Tardis too?

ACE: Yeah, just after everything nearly

PERI: Blew up?

ACE: You had that too?

PERI: Oh, we did.

ACE: Professor, I'd say there's a bit of a pattern emerging here.

DOCTOR 7: Yes.

PERI: You call him Professor. Why?

ACE: Why not?

(The Tardis doors open and close.)

ACE: Are you doing that?

DOCTOR 6: I most certainly am not. Come on, old girl. What's the matter with you?

DOCTOR 7: It's the emergency warning system. She's trying to tell us something.

DOCTOR 6: Yes, ghosts of our past and future, the flashing light, and now this. But what are you getting at, old girl, hmm?

(Door stops.)

PERI: Did you fix it?

DOCTOR 6: No, it just stopped.

ACE: Okay, so we've all been experiencing the same stuff. We all got a flashing red light in our Tardises that had never been there before. We've all seen a spooky interactive 3D movie featuring the Professor here and all his different faces, and

DOCTOR 6: Presumably you also thought you'd landed on November twenty third 1963.

DOCTOR 7: 59A Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Hampshire, England? Yes.

PERI: But somehow we didn't actually arrive there.

ACE: Anything else we should know?

PERI: Well, that place out there, whatever it is, it's powered by energy coming direct from the Big Bang.

ACE: Now that's impressive. So, where are we? And what's that red light all about?

DOCTOR 6: Too many questions. Anything else we should know?

DOCTOR 7: There's some kind of different reality out there, behind a forcefield.

DOCTOR 6: Which you just ripped yourself through.

ACE: Ahem! Er, I did that. Nitro-9. Boom!

DOCTOR 6: What a resourceful young lady you are, er, Ace?

ACE: Thanks, Prof, er, Doctor.

PERI: What kind of place was this different reality?

ACE: Pitch black, like a big trench, and full of some nasty living mud that swallowed up our Tardis.

DOCTOR 6: Living mud?

DOCTOR 7: Is a very apt description.

DOCTOR 6: I see. Well (sighs) one thing's for sure. We need more information.

ACE: Uh oh. Here we go again.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Light? What light?

DOCTOR [OC]: This isn't going to be easy, is it?

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: The Tardis is folding in on itself.

DOCTOR 6: Folding in on itself?

DOCTOR [OC]: As though she's destroying herself inch by inch, second by second, but in no particular temporal order. No power left. Not a control is working, not even the door!

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: Just that light. The only thing that's left at the end of the Tardis's life. It really is the end, old girl.

DOCTOR [OC]: This isn't going to be easy, is it?

ACE: So, is that it? Is that what's going to happen? The Tardis blows up?

DOCTOR 6: Not if I can help it.

PERI: Those guys were both you, right?

DOCTOR 7: One from the past and one from the future.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, you didn't recognise him either, eh? Which is interesting.

ACE: What? Getting blown up? Interesting? Exactly how is that interesting?

DOCTOR 7: Ace.

ACE: And if we've just witnessed the death of a past version of you two, how come your both still alive?

PERI: Doctor?

DOCTOR 6: Well, those Doctors said it. Whatever is happening to the Tardis is happening in no particular order.

ACE: And that's important?

DOCTOR 6: Important? I think it may prove vital, young lady.

ACE: If you say so, Joseph.

DOCTOR 6: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR 7: Ah, yes, yes, no, I see what you mean. And it's as if whatever's happening is somehow contained within the Tardis.

ACE: None of this is making sense.

DOCTOR 6: Not completely, I grant you.

ACE: You got that right.

PERI: So what do we do now?

DOCTOR 6: We do what we do best. We get out there and investigate. Agreed, Doctor?

DOCTOR 7: Agreed. Come on, Ace.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Come along. Come along. We must hold the power levels.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Don't you see? The containment is consuming power too quickly.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Wait a minute. If we can activate a reversal of the temporal coordinates, we can create a feedback loop.
DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Good, good, yes. Well, get on with it, then.
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Right. Hold that bit and I'll reconnect this.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: No. Look, you've got it the wrong way round.
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: No, I haven't! You, you just concentrate on your bit.
DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Oh, stop squabbling, the two of you. Every second we lose brings the ship closer to destruction. We must give ourselves and the others every ounce of time we can, so stop fiddling about and get on with it. (echoes)

(Footsteps.)

DOCTOR 6: So, two elevators, glass tube design. Very elegant. Hmm. I suggest

DOCTOR 7: We take one and you two take the other.

DOCTOR 6: I couldn't have put it better myself. Come along, Peri.

(Ding! Doors open.)

PERI: Up or down?

DOCTOR 6: Down. Up.

DOCTOR 7: Down.

ACE: We'll be here all day at this rate.

(Ding! Doors open.)

ACE: We're going down, Professor. Come on!

DOCTOR 6: Good hunting.

(Doors close.)

DOCTOR 7: And to you.

DOCTOR 6: There he goes. Charming fellow.

PERI: Er, I believe you just gave yourself a compliment there, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: Hmm? Oh, yes. Well, credit where it's due.

PERI: After you, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: Yes. Off we go. Wait a minute! Open the door again!

PERI: Oh, what's the matter?

DOCTOR 6: Oh, let me. Oh, bother!

PERI: What's the matter? Why did you want to open the doors again?

DOCTOR 6: Oh, there. Can you see? Down there. Look, through the glass.

PERI: You mean?

DOCTOR 6: Yeah.

PERI: Those three guys, they're

DOCTOR 6: (sighs) Gone. Disappeared. But it was them, wasn't it?

PERI: Three other Doctors.

DOCTOR 6: My first, second and third iterations. I wonder what they're up to?

(Faint sounds of people.)

ACE: Er, well, whatever this place is, it's certainly busy.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. Groups of different species. Delegations?

ACE: You mean this is a conference or something?

DOCTOR 7: Possibly. Possibly.

ROBOT: Please, take one.

ACE: Oh! Oh, thanks.

ROBOT: You are welcome.

ACE: A conference where they give out miniature glitter balls. Nice. Maybe it's an intergalactic disco convention.

DOCTOR 7: May I?

ACE: Yeah, sure. I'm guessing it's not really a glitter ball, right?

DOCTOR 7: Well, you never know. Let's see.

(Beep.)

DOCTOR 7: Ah ha.

GLITTERBALL: Welcome to the factory.

ACE: Ow! It's hurting my head.

DOCTOR 7: It's a four dimensional projection. Fantastic.

GLITTERBALL: The ultimate in lethal force scenario solutions.

ACE: Professor, this is horrible.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. Yes, it is.

GLITTERBALL: As one of our exclusive invitation only customers, the Vess offer you the very best, most creative solutions in military technology. Located in its very own dimension protected from the prying eyes of the universe, the factory guarantees satisfaction and ultimate destruction.

ACE: Doctor, this is a bad place, isn't it?

DOCTOR 7: Oh, yes.

PERI: We're stopping.

DOCTOR 6: Are we?

PERI: Do you think we'll find any more versions of you hanging around this place?

DOCTOR 6: I very much hope so, if it gets us some answers.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR 6: Ah, excuse us. Wait a minute, you're Time Lords.

TIME LORD: Another one.

STRAXUS: Hold him, and the girl.

DOCTOR 6: Wait!

PERI: Get off me! These are Time Lords? Your people?

DOCTOR 6: I'm very much afraid so.

PERI: How can you tell?

DOCTOR 6: It's a nack we have. Who are you and what are you

(Weapons powered up.)

DOCTOR 6: Ah.

STRAXUS: That's enough questions for now, Doctor. You're coming with us.

ACE: So, they sell the worst kind of weapons here. Not that there are only good kinds. And we're going to stop them, right? Professor? What is it?

DOCTOR 7: I think we've been spotted. Look.

(They whisper.)

ACE: Where? Oh. Those things look like sort of CCTV cameras.

DOCTOR 7: And have you noticed who they're exclusively following?

ACE: Oh, us. So someone knows we're here.

DOCTOR 7: Yes.

ACE: Maybe the someone who caused the Tardis to blow up.

DOCTOR 7: It's possible.

ACE [OC]: Then we've got to find out who this someone is. Am I right?

MASTER: How clever your little helpers are, Doctor. And perhaps I can help you. Security drones.

DRONE [OC]: Responding.

MASTER: Two intruders currently in the meeting hall. Close in on them.

STRAXUS: Keep moving.

PERI: Where are you taking us?

DOCTOR 6: Yes, and what are you doing here, wherever here is.

STRAXUS: Are we secure from surveillance monitoring?

TIME LORD: Yes, sir. We've managed to block all surveillance cameras on this route.

STRAXUS: Good. Right, in here.

(Door opens.)

STRAXUS: Move.

PERI: All right. All right!

DOCTOR 6: Do you mind?

ACE: Professor, look.

DOCTOR 7: Ah, yes.

ACE: More of those hovering things, and these look like they're armed.

DOCTOR 7: We'd better get back into the Tardis. Head for the lift.

ACE: Too late, they're onto us. Blocking the way.

DOCTOR 7: Back into the crowd, Ace. Safety in numbers. They won't shoot the delegates.

ACE: Let's hope not. Professor, that door over there! No robots!

DOCTOR 7: Let's go!

DRONE: Follow them.

MASTER: I see. Disruption to the surveillance cameras leading to the Time Lord's luxury suite. Hmm. I wonder what my dear brothers in arms are up to. I wonder.

DOCTOR 6: I see. So if this is an arms factory, what exactly are you doing here? Well, cat got your tongue?

PERI: I thought the Time Lords were supposed to be peaceful non-interventionists. Isn't that what you told me, Doctor?

DOCTOR 6: Indeed. And who are you?

STRAXUS: My name is Straxus. I work for the Celestial Intervention Agency.

PERI: The what?

DOCTOR 6: Dirty tricks brigade.

STRAXUS: How dare you!

DOCTOR 6: Then prove me wrong. All this cloak and dagger business, you're clearly up to no good.

STRAXUS: Our affairs are no concern

DOCTOR 6: Oh, come on, out with it. You clearly expected me to be here. Another one, you said. How many more of me have you captured?

STRAXUS: You're the first. The others have been spotted but

DOCTOR 6: But why are they here, hmm? Why are all the Doctors here?

ACE: In here, Professor! Those things are right. Oh, who are you?

DOCTOR 7: I might have known.

MASTER: You might, but you didn't. Drones, cease pursuit.

ACE: You know this bloke.

MASTER: He does.

DOCTOR 7: Yes.

MASTER: I am the Master.

ACE: The what? What sort of name is that?

MASTER: What sort of name is Doctor?

ACE: I don't get you.

MASTER: The Doctor and I are old friends. Birds of a feather.

ACE: Doctor?

DOCTOR 7: The Master is a fallen angel, Ace. A Time Lord like me.

ACE: Like you?

DOCTOR 7: Except that he glories in destruction.

MASTER: How melodramatic you are, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: What are you doing here? And what are you doing to the Tardis?

MASTER: Oh, it's gone beyond all that nonsense now, Doctor. Time is running out for you. I just wanted to see the look on your face.

ACE: Doctor, what's he talking about? What is he (fades out)

DOCTOR 7: Ace! What have you done to her? Where is she?

MASTER: (laughs) That's the last you'll ever see of her. And soon she'll never have known you at all.

DOCTOR 7: What are you talking about?

MASTER: Time is folding in on you, Doctor. But please, don't take my word for it. Run back to the Tardis and check. Go on. Run, run, run.

DOCTOR 6: So, is all this being caused by you and your infernal meddling? The Tardis being dragged into this pocket dimension, the breaking of the First Law of Time? Hmm? What could possibly be worth all

STRAXUS: It isn't us.

PERI: Then who is it?

STRAXUS: It's the Master.

PERI: The Master? But (fades out)

DOCTOR 6: Peri? Peri! What's happened to her? Tell me!

STRAXUS: I, I

DOCTOR 6: What, that was the Master too? Well, was it?

STRAXUS: Yes, yes, that was the Master's doing.

DOCTOR 6: How? Oh, come on. I'm not going to stop asking, so you may as well tell me the truth now.

STRAXUS: This is a covert operation.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, tell me something I haven't already worked out.

STRAXUS: Your security clearance doesn't entitle you to

DOCTOR 6: My friend has just vanished before my eyes. I've seen some kind of projection of two of my incarnations being destroyed along with my Tardis. I don't think security clearance comes into it, Straxus. You're keeping this secret from the High Council, aren't you?

STRAXUS: Sometimes it's better to keep

DOCTOR 6: Lie? Cheat? Do the unthinkable?

STRAXUS: Yes.

DOCTOR 6: And for what?

STRAXUS: I am a realist, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, here we go.

STRAXUS: In an increasingly violent cosmos the Time Lords must know about, and yes, even possess, some of the worst weapons available.

DOCTOR 6: Why?

STRAXUS: For their own protection. For your protection. For the protection of the entirety of space and time.

DOCTOR 6: (sighs) Go on.

STRAXUS: The Vess came to our attention as one of the most ingenious designers

DOCTOR 6: The Vess? Never heard of them.

STRAXUS: They supply and design weapons for the Sontarans, the Cybermen, even the Daleks.

DOCTOR 6: And you want to do business with *them*?

STRAXUS: To make sure we knew of the threats faced by the citizens of the universe.

DOCTOR 6: So? What went wrong?

STRAXUS: Well, the Master

DOCTOR 6: Yes?

STRAXUS: He found out our delegation was here. I don't know how. I thought

DOCTOR 6: Never underestimate the Master, I could have told you that. Wherever there is evil, he'll be there, ready to exploit it for his own ends. So, what happened? Oh, don't tell me. He threatened to expose your illegal covert mission to the High Council of the Time Lords.

STRAXUS: Yes.

DOCTOR 6: So you had to do a deal with him, to guarantee his silence.

STRAXUS: We agreed that the Master could take one weapon of his choice from the Vess arsenal.

DOCTOR 6: You did what?

STRAXUS: In return

DOCTOR 6: Yes, I know what you got in return. His silence! He spared the High Council the embarrassing knowledge that the Celestial Intervention Agency was courting the favour of genocidal maniacs. But what weapon did the Master get his grubby little hands on?

STRAXUS: We, we don't know.

DOCTOR 6: Oh.

(Tardis door opens, Doctor 7 runs in.)

DOCTOR 7: There must be. I need to get the Tardis out of here. I must get to Gallifrey. Oh no, not again!

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: How very odd.

DOCTOR [OC]: This isn't going to be easy.

DOCTOR 7: Come on, old girl! What is it you're trying to tell me? And what is that red light?

DOCTOR [OC]: No particular temporal order.

(Stuttering Tardis engines.)

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Now to lock onto the Master's Tardis in the Vortex.

NYSSA [OC]: It's all right, Mister Dovie. Just sit down and

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: This, this is impossible! Nyssa!

NYSSA [OC]: Doctor!

DOCTOR 6: But you must know what he wanted to do with this weapon, whatever it is.
STRAXUS: Yes. We knew.
DOCTOR 6: Oh, I see. Revenge on me. And you were happy about that, weren't you?
STRAXUS: Not happy, no, but when it comes to the safety of the cosmos, decisions have to be made.
DOCTOR 6: Oh, do they, indeed? Have you any idea what this weapon is actually doing?
STRAXUS: We're not sure. But it's somehow managing to fold time in upon you, eliminating you from the timelines.
DOCTOR 6: Hence poor Peri evaporating. Because of time folding she never met me so she couldn't have been here.
STRAXUS: Quite.
DOCTOR 6: I sense there's more.
My covert contacts on Gallifrey tell me that history is shifting.
DOCTOR 6: How? In what way?
STRAXUS: It is as if you'd never left Gallifrey. All that you've ever done is being undone.

DOCTOR 7: The flashing red light.
DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Do you see now, my boy?
DOCTOR 7: You.
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: But that *is* the explosion, don't you see? Reduced to the single moment when it ignited.
DOCTOR 7: How did you do that?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: It's perfectly simple, old chap. We adapted the emergency systems of the Tardis to contain it.
DOCTOR 7: Then the flashing light was meant to be a warning.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Warning you away from those precise coordinates on November the twenty third, 1963.
DOCTOR 7: But it had the opposite effect. We all tried to come here.
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Because everything is breaking down! We didn't have enough power to set a clearer message. The Tardis is dying. (echoes)

DOCTOR 6: So you were happy to stand by and let the Master destroy me, but now you're not so happy that it's damaging the time lines. Is that about the size of it?
STRAXUS: Well, I
DOCTOR 6: I suppose if he'd just got himself a laser gun and assassinated me you'd have been as pleased as Punch.
STRAXUS: We, we made a terrible mistake trusting the Master.
DOCTOR 6: And that admission is supposed to let you off the hook, is it? Well, what will you do now? Return to Gallifrey, make a contrite apology to the High Council in secret session, so that all will be forgiven and forgotten, hmm? You sicken me. You really do. (sighs) How bad is the damage to the time lines?
STRAXUS: Major cosmic events are rewriting themselves. The Dalek invasion of Earth in the twenty second century is never repelled. The Warlord creates a devastating and destructing force that makes war on an entire galaxy.
DOCTOR 6: I get the picture. Everything I've ever done is being undone. Everyone I ever knew beyond the confines of Gallifrey, none of them ever met me. Well, I suppose there's no point my standing here being indignant and disapproving. We have to find a way to put things right. Now.
STRAXUS: But how?
DOCTOR 6: We must find out exactly what kind of weapon the Master is using. And the best way to do that is to pool the resources of all the Doctors affected. Each one of us has had specific experience of the effects of the weapon, and that's the only way we'll find out precisely what has happened.
STRAXUS: But such manipulation of the time line would be
DOCTOR 6: Would be far less devastating than the chaos your web of deception has set in motion. Now then, I assume you have your Tardis here.
STRAXUS: Yes, but what do you
DOCTOR 6: Since we're in a pocket dimension. Hmm. Yes, it should be possible.
STRAXUS: What should be possible?
DOCTOR 6: Shut up, I'm thinking. We expand the dimensional stabilisation field of your Tardis to encover this entire pocket dimension. It will stabilise it enough for all the Doctors to fully

materialise in this instant of time. Agreed?

STRAXUS: But it will destroy my Tardis.

DOCTOR 6: Eventually, yes, but not right away. Well, a small price to pay, wouldn't you say, hmm? And who knows? If we succeed, you might even get a chance to think again, go to the High Council and tell them about the Vess. Perhaps someone there will be sensible enough to advise you against doing a deal with the Master, hmm?

STRAXUS: Very well.

DOCTOR 6: No, don't strain yourself, Straxus. For a moment there, I thought you might have actually been displaying some integrity. Well, come on, then.

DOCTOR 7: Then, all these images from the past, the doors opening and closing, it's the Tardis trying to warn me.

DOCTORS [OC]: Yes!

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: For some reason, time is folding in on the Tardis.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Destroying it second by second, slowly wiping it from the time lines.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: But we've been constantly shifting that destruction randomly throughout time like redistributing water on a sinking ship.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: So that it sinks slowly without suddenly being dragged down or pulled apart.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: But we are running out of time and energy, my boy. You and the others have to do something and, whatever it is, you must do it quickly.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Wait. Wait a minute. Listen. Something's happening.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: That's a dimensional stabiliser.

DOCTOR 6: Increase the power. Do it.

STRAXUS: But that will

DOCTOR 6: No, it won't. We are still within safety tolerances.

STRAXUS: I beg to differ.

DOCTOR 6: Here we go. That's it. Stabiliser energy's encompassing the entire pocket dimension.

STRAXUS: There's some phasing at the edges.

DOCTOR 6: Yeah, well, nothing's perfect. It seems that my first three incarnations will be unable to fully materialise, but the fourth to the eighth, hmm, impressive. They should all be able to co-exist. Success. Excuse me, Straxus. I have a conference to attend, and I fear it might already be too late. Oh, and just remember

STRAXUS: Remember what?

DOCTOR 6: If we succeed, this is your chance to put right your mistake. I want you to think very hard about that. I want that one thought to stick in your mind no matter what. You understand me?

STRAXUS: Yes, Doctor. Yes, I think I do.

DOCTOR 6: Well, you see you do.

(People popping into existence.)

DOCTOR 4: Ah, what just happened?

DOCTOR: I thought we were dead.

DOCTOR 5: Nyssa? Where's Nyssa? Oh.

DOCTOR 4: Who?

DOCTOR 5: Ah. Yes, I see.

DOCTOR 7: Welcome aboard, Doctors.

DOCTOR 4: That's not all of us.

DOCTOR: Oh, look. There are the first three. Not fully materialised.

DOCTOR 4: So, if the Tardis was destroyed, what are we all doing here? Is this some kind of Doctor's afterlife?

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR 6: Ah, gentlemen. There you are. Time to fight back, I think.

DRONE: Corrupted surveillance data now recovered.

MASTER: Show me.

STRAXUS [OC]: Keep moving.

PERI [OC]: Where are you taking us?

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Yes, and what are you doing here, wherever here is?

STRAXUS [OC]: Are we secure from surveillance monitoring?

MASTER: What are they up to?

(Beeping.)

COMPANION: What is that?

MASTER: My Tardis is detecting something. I must go there immediately. Follow me. Engage combat mode.

COMPANION: Combat mode engaged.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Time to share our experiences and assess the situation, Doctors. Contact!

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Contact.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Contact.

DOCTOR 4: Contact.

DOCTOR 5: Contact.

DOCTOR 6: Contact.

DOCTOR 7: Contact.

DOCTOR: Contact.

(Telepathic conference.)

DOCTOR 4: Well, that puts us all in the picture, wouldn't you say?

DOCTOR 6: And should continue to do so, given the relatively small size of this pocket dimension.

DOCTOR 7: Ah yes, I see what you mean. We can remain in telepathic contact.

DOCTOR 5: While we get on with the business of stopping the Master.

DOCTOR: We'd better work out exactly how we intend to do that.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Don't you worry, my boy. We have a plan.

(Alarm. Tardis doors open. Footsteps.)

COMPANION: What is the nature of the emergency?

MASTER: They've activated a dimensional stabiliser field. That means all the Doctors will be able to fully materialise in this dimension! But how? Straxus, that treacherous dog. Drones, you will go to the Time Lord delegation and destroy them immediately.

DRONE: Intruders.

DOCTOR: Ah, hello.

MASTER: You.

DOCTOR 4: Sorry to be so tediously repetitive, but we used our sonic screwdriver trick to get into your Tardis again.

DOCTOR: You should have thought of that.

MASTER: Restrain them.

DOCTOR 4: I assure you we argh!

(Electric zapping.)

DOCTOR 4: We're completely unarmed.

DOCTOR: Somehow I don't think he trusts us, Doctor.

MASTER: Why have you come here, you fools? What makes you think I won't have you destroyed on the spot?

DOCTOR 4: Oh, I don't know. Your fatal character flaw, perhaps?

MASTER: Oh please, enlighten me.

DOCTOR: According to you, we are already dead, so why would you bother killing us now?

DOCTOR 4: Yes, surely you'd get a lot more job satisfaction from watching us being destroyed by your original plan, hmm?

MASTER: Job satisfaction? Yes. Oh, don't pretend, Doctors.

DOCTOR 4: Pretend?

MASTER: That you're not crushed by the prospect. All those lives you've affected, all those citizens of the universe you've tried to help, whose lives you've touched so uniquely. None of them will ever have known you. Exactly how pointless does that make you feel?

DOCTOR 4: You wouldn't mind telling us how you've achieved this, would you?

MASTER: That would be telling. Now, I know you've all materialised in this dimension. Where are the other Doctors?

DOCTOR: Now that *would* be telling, wouldn't it.

DOCTOR 6: Are we ready?

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Remember, Time is collapsing within the Tardis at an accelerating rate.

DOCTOR 5: Then there isn't a moment to lose.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: We shall continue to do our best to repair the Tardis's emergency systems

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: So that the warning makes it clear that none of us should try to materialise on the twenty third of November 1963 at Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Southampton, England, Earth.

DOCTOR 7: That could reverse the entire situation, solving the whole problem.

DOCTOR 5: Preventing me from meeting poor Bob Dovie, which must surely be the crisis point of all this, somehow.

DOCTOR 6: Yes, of course. Because it was when your hapless Mister Dovie entered the Tardis that the explosion occurred.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: But we are running out of time!

DOCTOR 6: Which is why we must go back in time to stop the Master from getting his hands on whatever diabolical weapon he's used on the Tardis.

DOCTOR 7: Then let's get on with it.

DOCTORS [OC]: Good luck.

(Tardis engines stutter.)

DOCTOR 5: This isn't going to be easy, is it. Come on, old girl. Come on.

MASTER: What are you doing, Doctors? What are you up to?

DOCTOR 4: Having fun over there, are you?

DOCTOR: You know that talking to yourself is the first sign of

MASTER: You're here to distract me, aren't you.

DOCTOR 4: What on Earth makes you think that? Care for a jelly baby? There's a bag of them in my left pocket.

MASTER: Well, it won't work, Doctors. I've detected your puny effort to take your Tardis back in time, and if you really are that determined to go back, I can easily help.

DOCTOR: What are you doing?

MASTER: Sending a pulse of energy into the Vortex, aimed at your Tardis. Firing, now!

DOCTOR 6: Argh!

DOCTOR 5: We've been hit by something.

DOCTOR 7: An energy pulse, projected into the Vortex.

DOCTOR 6: The Master. He's trying to push us off course. Oh no.

DOCTOR 5: We're caught in that energy stream from the beginning of Time.

DOCTOR 6: Yes.

DOCTOR 7: And if we don't get out, we'll shoot right back into the Big Bang.

DOCTOR 6: Except that I've been here before, and with a bit of luck, I know how to get us out.

(Tardis engines stutter.)

DOCTOR 7: We're heading back into the pocket dimension.

DOCTOR 5: Back in time, too. Back in time. Yes, that's it. Back in time. I've just realised.

DOCTOR 6: Well, go on.

DOCTOR 5: We all make the mistake of landing at those precise coordinates in 1963, and those coordinates were the gateway to the pocket dimension.

DOCTOR 6: Might I immodestly point out that I at least sensed a trap and tried to avoid it?

DOCTOR 7: But you ended up in the pocket dimension anyway.

DOCTOR 5: I tried to avoid it too, didn't I, by shifting further back in time by one minute.

DOCTOR 6: Well, your point being?

DOCTOR 7: You've had an idea, haven't you.

DOCTOR 5: I have.

DOCTOR 6: Care to share it?

DOCTOR 5: Oh yes, I would indeed. Contact! (echoes.)

DOCTOR 4: It's a brilliant idea! (sotto) But I don't think it will actually work.

MASTER: What are you talking about?

DOCTOR 4: Oh, your plan to destroy me. It just struck us how terribly clever you are, didn't it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. Blindingly brilliant, I'd say.

MASTER: Oh, would you indeed?

DOCTOR: No point fighting when we're completely outclassed, is there?

MASTER: I don't know what you think you're playing at, Doctors, but you're right. You cannot succeed. Not when your Tardis is about to cease ever to have existed.

DOCTOR 4: Well, quite.

MASTER: And if it never existed, it could never have left Gallifrey. You will never have meddled in the affairs of others, because that Tardis you stole wouldn't have been there at the precise moment when you made the decision to run. Because it was a rash decision, wasn't it, Doctor? Hmm? A decision from a lowly bookworm who dared to dream of another life beyond the cloisters of his home world. An impulse to act that would have faded away if that Tardis had not been there, waiting for you at that precise moment.

DOCTOR 4: And finding a weapon that could do that? Well, it's what one might call a Master-stroke. Isn't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes. Oh, yes. A weapon that powerful couldn't have been easy to control.

MASTER: Oh, it wasn't a question of power. Just a single thought from a primitive human mind that would find the very existence of a Tardis impossible. That was all that was needed to trigger it.

BOB [OC]: This, this is impossible!

DOCTOR 4: A single human mind. Ingenious. Ingenious.

DOCTOR: A device that could transmute a single thought into a reality.

MASTER: The Vess call it a Conceptual Bomb.

DOCTOR 4: Clever fellows. Clever fellows.

DOCTOR: And now you know why we came here, to your Tardis.

MASTER: What do you mean?

DOCTOR 4: You thought we were here to distract you.

DOCTOR: And that was true, in part.

DOCTOR 4: But what we really wanted to know was the true nature of the weapon you'd used against us. (laughs) Check and mate. (echoes)

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: So now we know.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Now we know for sure.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: The hapless victim who caused the Conceptual Bomb to explode.

DOCTOR 5: Setting coordinates now.

DOCTOR 6: The twenty third of November

DOCTOR 7: 59A Barnsfield Crescent, Totton, Hampshire.

DOCTOR 6: Earth.

DOCTOR 5: Nineteen sixty two.

(The Tardis crash-lands. Children scream.)

BOB: Kevin, Linda, come here now.

KEVIN: He's broken the garden shed, Daddy.

BOB: I, I know, Kevin. I know, I saw it, but. It's gone. Jenny? Jenny, love?

KEVIN: Where's Mummy?

BOB: She must have popped over the road to see Pat.

(The Tardis returns with another crash.)

KEVIN: It's on the roof, Daddy.

BOB: Er, yes. Yes, it's on the roof. It looks like it *is* a Police Box, and it's smashed our chimney!

KEVIN: Is it Father Christmas, Daddy?

BOB: What? Er, no, Kevin darling. No, it's a bit too early for that.

DOCTOR 6: Ah! Oh! Well, we've landed.

DOCTOR 7: A bit bumpy.

DOCTOR 5: I think we got it right. Yes, good.

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Can you hear me, Doctors? Pay attention, will you? Come on, come on, buck up.

DOCTOR 6: What's happening? Are you all right?

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Never mind that. There's not much time left. I was the first to hear the emergency signal from the Tardis, because I was in 1963.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: But it's the emergency systems that misdirected you all to 1963 where the Master had laid his trap.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: So, if we shut off the emergency systems, none of this will have happened.
DOCTOR 7: Can you do it? Hello? Can. You. Do. It? They've lost power.
DOCTOR 6: They've gone! Destroyed by the Master's Conceptual Bomb. Then it's up to us.
DOCTOR 5: To me.
DOCTOR 7: Why you?
DOCTOR 5: Because I let Bob Dovie into the Tardis in the first place.
DOCTOR 6: He's got a point.

(Tardis door opens. Roof creaking under the weight. Bob is on the ground.)

DOCTOR 5: Er, hello?
BOB: What the hell do you think you're doing on my roof? With a Police Box.
DOCTOR 5: Er, yes. Sorry about that. I'll sort that out, I promise. Er, I wonder. Could you help me with something? I think you're going to need a ladder.
BOB: What for?
DOCTOR 5: Well, Mister Dovie
BOB: How do you know my name?
DOCTOR 5: Oh, it's a long story. I just need you to help me with something, and then I'll er, I'll get your roof repaired.
BOB: Er. Oh. All right then. But you're paying for this, I warn you.
DOCTOR 5: Oh, yes. (sotto) I've been paying for it for quite some time, actually.
BOB: Eh?
DOCTOR 5: Er, never mind. Just get the ladder, please.

DOCTOR 5: Right, he's on his way. Best you two make yourself scarce.
DOCTOR 6: Yes, quite. Don't want to make things even more traumatic for the poor chap.
DOCTOR 7: Are we really that scary?
DOCTOR 5: I think the Tardis is going to be disorientating enough for him, don't you?
DOCTOR 7: Good point. Come on, Doctor.
DOCTOR 6: Yes. Good luck, Doctor.
DOCTOR 7: Good luck.
(Internal door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR 5: Thank you. Ah, hello, Bob. Do come in.
BOB: Eh? Now listen. Hang on. What the hell? This, this is impossible.
DOCTOR 5: Yes. Yes, it is.
BOB: I must be going crazy.
DOCTOR 5: No. No, no, no. You're perfectly all right.
BOB: Am I?
DOCTOR 5: Yes, yes, you are.
BOB: You sure?
DOCTOR 5: Absolutely. And do you know why?
BOB: Er, no.
DOCTOR 5: Because it's exactly a year before the Master planted a Conceptual Bomb in you.
BOB: Sorry, who planted what where? What are you talking about?
DOCTOR 5: So next time you step inside the Tardis, in a year's time, you won't find it quite as impossible.
BOB: Are you all right?
DOCTOR 5: So you won't say you think it is impossible, and the Conceptual Bomb won't go off.
BOB: I, er, think I need a lie down.
DOCTOR 5: Mmm. Be my guest.

MASTER: What? No.
DOCTOR 4: It's beginning to happen, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes, I can feel it.
MASTER: No. My mind. I can remember new, old, memories. The Bomb. The Conceptual Bomb. It didn't go off!
DOCTOR: And Time is being rewritten back to the way it should be.
DOCTOR 4: Back to the way it always will be.
MASTER: No, he wouldn't dare to interfere in the flow of Time like this.
DOCTOR 4: Why not?
MASTER: No.

DOCTOR 4: You did.
MASTER: Drones, kill them. Kill them both!
DRONE: Lethal force mode now engaged. Destroy.
(Failed zap.)
MASTER: What? But
DOCTOR 4: They're gone.
DOCTOR: They were never here.
DOCTOR 4: And neither were we.
MASTER: What's going on? What? Eight Tardises converging on these coordinates from the Vortex? Time ram. You're going to Time ram my Tardis?
DOCTOR 4: Yes, you've been out-maneuvred.
DOCTOR: Outnumbered.
DOCTOR 4: Hardly seems fair now, does it?
DOCTOR: Eight against one.
MASTER: The Time Lords will not let this stand. I was working with them!
DOCTOR: They may not like my interfering
DOCTOR 4: *Our* interfering.
DOCTOR: Quite, but I imagine even they can see that a universe without a little bit of tampering here and there would be a pretty intolerable place.
DOCTOR 4: Must dash. Sorry to leave you so suddenly, but we're already on our way to send you into oblivion. You know how it is. Things to do, places to be. Ha, ha. Bye bye!
MASTER: No! Come back! No!
(Alarms.)
MASTER: Time ram. You can't Time ram me. How dare they! Noooooooooooooooooooo!

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: All eight Tardises are in position. Are we ready to do this?
DOCTOR 7 [OC]: To destroy the Master once and for all?
DOCTOR 1 [OC]: It seems to me, gentlemen, that rather than attempting to justify cold-blooded murder, we should address the central problem
DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Which is what, exactly?
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: The fact that it was the Tardis's emergency warning system that sent us all to 1963
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Which was where the Master was able to plant the bomb. It's a causal loop, don't you see?
DOCTOR 2 [OC]: The explosion, *and* our going there. Both of those points circling round and round, no beginning or hmm. Neither first nor second. Chicken, egg, egg, chicken.
DOCTOR 1 [OC]: All we have to do is break that loop, and the Master can never succeed in his plan. All I have to do is switch off the Tardis emergency systems, and

NYSSA: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR 5: Hmm?
NYSSA: Why are you looking at the console like that?
DOCTOR 5: I thought I saw. No.
NYSSA: There's nothing there.
DOCTOR 5: No. No, there isn't. Sorry. Anyway, where were we?

LEELA: Doctor?
DOCTOR 4: Yes, Leela?
LEELA: Well, I do not know.
DOCTOR 4: Do not know what?
LEELA: What you have forgotten.
DOCTOR 4: What makes you think I've forgotten something?
LEELA: You just said you had.
DOCTOR 4: Did I?
LEELA: Yes.
DOCTOR 4: Really? I don't remember that.

PERI: Er, why are you holding onto the console like that, Doctor? Doctor?
DOCTOR 6: Hmm? Like what?
PERI: Like you are. Like you're bracing yourself for something.

DOCTOR 6: Oh. Er, yes, I am rather, aren't I. Hmm. Never mind.
PERI: Never mind what?
DOCTOR 6: I've no idea. Or have I?
PERI: Have you what?
DOCTOR 6: Do you think you could possibly stop asking questions for just one moment, please, Peri?
PERI: You're the one asking the questions.
DOCTOR 6: Am I? Oh, so I am. I wonder why that is?
PERI: Am I supposed to answer that?
DOCTOR 6: Hmm? No. No, I don't think so. Now, where we were?
PERI: Ahem. That was another question, right there.
DOCTOR 6: Oh, life's full of questions, Peri, and I'm sad to say I've discovered on many an occasion, not quite so full of answers.

ACE: You do know you're just staring at me, don't you? Professor? Professor? Stop staring like that. It's weird.

(The Doctor stops holding his breath.)

ACE: Are you okay?

DOCTOR 7: I've no idea. Do I look okay?

ACE: No. You look like someone just trampled all over your grave.

DOCTOR 7: Well, if they did, they've gone now, whoever they were.

CHARLEY: Your face. Look, I don't mind if we don't always end up in the right place. It makes life, well, exciting. I didn't stow away on the R101 in search of the hum-drum, you know.

DOCTOR: No, I suppose not. Wait a minute.

CHARLEY: What is it?

DOCTOR: What were you saying about parrots?

CHARLEY: Er, well, I said I saw some, in your arboretum.

DOCTOR: There's only one parrot in the Tardis, Charley.

CHARLEY: Is there?

DOCTOR: And if you play your cards wrong, I might have to tell you about it one day.

CHARLEY: If I play my cards *wrong*?

DOCTOR: Well, it's the same. Now, let's go somewhere fun, shall we?

CHARLEY: Yes please.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

(Dog barking, then howling. The Tardis materialises. Door opens. Owl hoots.)

DOCTOR: Come on.

CHARLEY: And this is fun?

DOCTOR: This is 59A Barnsfield Crescent, on Saturday the twenty third of November, 1963.

CHARLEY: In the middle of the night, and it's freezing. And we're here why?

DOCTOR: Just a feeling. Just as I set the coordinates, a sort of tingling in my fingers.

CHARLEY: Pity you couldn't have had a feeling about the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, or something even more fun and interesting.

DOCTOR: All in good time, Charley. All in good time. Here we are.

(Doorbell rings. Footsteps. Door opens.)

BOB: Right. So, come on, out with it.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?

BOB: Oh, or is it going to be different this time? Go on, surprise me. Go on.

DOCTOR: Er, well, you'll think it rather odd.

BOB: Oh, I doubt it.

DOCTOR: But I just wanted to ask if everything was all right.

BOB: Oh, did you? Did you? You just wanted to ask, did you?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry if we've upset you. To be perfectly honest, I don't really know why the Doctor wanted to come here

BOB: Oh, the Doctor, is it? What a surprise. Yeah, they're all the ruddy Doctor, aren't they?

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

BOB: Eight of you, there've been.

DOCTOR: Sorry?

BOB: Eight. You're the eighth Doctor I've had here tonight, just turning up and asking 'is

everything all right?' It's driving me and my family round the bend. We are trying to get some sleep. And not one of them has had an explanation as to why they're really here and what they really want. They just sort of smirk a bit and skulk off with whatever strange looking bird they've brought with them. One of them was dressed like a sort of female Tarzan.

DOCTOR: Oh.

BOB: Oh? Is that it? And what about the one who crashed a Police Telephone Box into my roof about a year ago, eh? The one wearing stripy trousers with a bit of salad on his lapel. I'd have phoned the police except they'd have probably just locked me up for being stark staring bonkers. So please, just tell me, what in the world is this all about?

DOCTOR: I haven't the faintest idea.

BOB: (little scream) That's what they all said!

DOCTOR: I'm sorry.

BOB: So am I, Doctor! So am I! Now will you please just get lost and leave me alone! Haven't you got anything better to do with your time?

DOCTOR: Probably.

BOB: Yeah, they all said that, too.

(Door slams shut.)

CHARLEY: That went well.

DOCTOR: Come on, Charley, back to the Tardis. (echoes)

DOCTOR 1 [OC]: Come along, Chesterton, Barbara, Susan. Back to the ship.

DOCTOR 2 [OC]: Come on, Jamie, Zoe. I think we'd better be going.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Come on, Sarah. Time to leave, I think.

DOCTOR 4 [OC]: I think it's time we were going, Leela.

DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Er, yes, well. Let's get back to the Tardis, Nyssa.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Well then, there's nothing else for it, Peri. We shall just have to leave.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Time to go, Ace. Time to go.